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Lila and Eve

By Unknown

God, grant me the serenity to accept
the things that I cannot change...
Nah, man. Back off.
I'm about to be there.
Yo, she's not feeling you
like that, dude.
The courage to change
the things that I can...
Nah, it's Stephon.
You know what I'm saying?
Just tell her I said I'm coming,
and everything's gonna be all good.
And the wisdom to know the difference.
I'm gonna return Ben's dish.
And he said he'll take me to school.
He said he'd take me the rest
of the week so you could rest, okay?
Okay.
Mom.
You should take this. Wear it.
No. No, no, Justin.
You don't have to do that.
- I promise it will help.
- Justin, no. You go to school. It's okay.
It's okay.
Please, help me.
...and before you eat another piece
of cake, open your brother's gift.
- Nice wrapping, Justin.
- Cool, right?
Well, you did use a lot of tape, dude.
A new watch?
What do I need with a new...
It's real nice.
It's real shiny. Mom helped pick it out.
It's kind of from the both of us.
Okay, I get it.
I was late again, so a new watch.
That's not it. Open my gift.
- Okay. Good looking out, ma.
- No. Look again.
Look again.
Oh, man!
The city got new ones, so I got

a really good one second-hand.
Come on, now.
Oh, man. This is great.
It has a little camera, too.
So when you go off to college,
Mom will get us another computer
so we can see you and talk to you.
I thought you might like it.
And we could put it right here.
Here?
I thought you got it just for me.
I did get it for you.
Yeah, but it's like I got to sign for it
before I can use it or something.
Dude, come on now.
All I'm saying is I'm a man now.
I feel good. Well...
Not exactly good, I guess.
I ran into this old picture of Charles
in the back of a drawer.
It felt good, the memory,
instead of painful.
He's a cutie.
If you want the truth,
that is one sweet face.
So I feel like I'm getting there.
I'm getting to accept God's will.
Oh, and I brought y'all some
of my lemon squares for the break.
- They were his favorite.
- Thank you, Patrice.
Go ahead, girl.
So, we're mothers.
Our maternal instinct
is to protect our child.
And when the worst happens,
when that child is murdered,
we feel guilt, depression,
we feel we failed.
We lose our homes, our minds,
and sometimes our lives.
So get a sponsor.
Find someone that you can talk to,
get out, get a hobby,

get to acceptance somehow
so that you can get on to living, right?
Now, I think I see a new face.
I'm Lila Walcott. I'm... here.
I work for the city.
I was a clerk in public records. I...
Now I'm on leave.
My son Stephon was m...
Step back, please, ma'am. Ma'am?
- I need you... you can't be in here.
- Stephon!
- It's all right.
- You don't have to say it.
You take your time.
Stephon? Stephon, are you with us?
- Can you hear me?
- Stephon!
- I'm not gonna say that word.
- You shouldn't say it. It's okay.
I hear y'all, but...
Stephon is dead, and I...
I want to...
You want him back.
Finish, Lila.
You want... what?
To thank y'all for inviting me.
You're welcome.
Did you get a hobby yet?
Your son's dead, and they tell you
to start collecting stamps or something.
Well, they're just trying to help.
Yeah, it's funny how everyone wants
to help when there's nothing they can do.
I keep getting cards, you know?
First from the detective and the reverend.
Just got another one in there.
Maybe that could be your hobby,
collecting cards.
Or getting advice.
Oh, yeah.
I had this interior-design job.
And my boss said to me, real nice...
- "you can have another kid".
- I think I heard that one.

"Well, at least you have another son".
Like I had one to spare.
Telling you, man. Talk is meaningless.
Tell me about yours.
Then I'd be talking.
You know, they said to get a sponsor,
someone to talk to, and...
- if you're interested...
- In being yours?
That's... that's sweet, but not smart.
This is... this whole thing
is not my scene.
Just being here makes me feel
fucking useless.
Wait a minute. Maybe give it a chance.
I really feel like I can talk to you.
Here's my number,
but it's not me you should be calling.
Well, I've called the police, but...
what about you?
- Did they find the person...
- They barely even looked.
My little girl,
she wasn't real to them.
You know how it is. We think about her
all the time, but nobody else does.
They don't think about us.
Hell, they don't even see us.
I'll keep on it. I'll keep calling.
Yeah. Good luck with that.
- Ma'am?
- You know what? I've had a seat.
I've had enough. I've been waiting for
an hour. Is detective Holliston even here?
Ma'am, I paged him.
Would you like to leave a message?
- Detective Holliston!
- Can I help you?
I called about my son's case,
and no one got back to me,
so I thought I'd come down.
What case is it again?
You don't... you don't remember me?
Sure, I do. It's just I've got

a lot to keep track of.

Tell me again.

- Ms. Walcott.

- Yeah.

- You're here for an update.

- If you wouldn't mind.

We canvassed the neighborhood,
but, sorry to say, nothing yet.

We're just gonna have to keep looking
till we get the break we need, ma'am.

My son was just walking down
the street. I have another son.

- What am I supposed to do?

- If it were me, I'd move.

Ms. Walcott. Ms. Walcott, listen.

There's more. Just...

Can I speak to you for a minute?

Here's what we know. We attained a lot.

Essentially, every corner
is a piece of property.

And every piece of property
has a landlord.

You work the corner, you pay rent.

We see it a lot.

This guy Ray, he was freelancing.

They warned him,

they didn't warn him, we don't know.

What we do know is that somebody
driving by in a black S.U.V. took him out.

- Who did? Who... who are they?

- Nobody will tell us anything.

We see it a lot, too.

We need evidence.

One lead, one name.

- Without that...

- You'll forget all about it.

So, I went to the police.

And they don't know anything,
and they're not trying to know anything.

I can't stop thinking about it,
you know?

I mean, this is something that goes
way past any kind of pain I ever felt
or experienced.

I can't eat. I can't sleep.
I just...
I want to...
We all know what you want.
You want to hold him again.
You want your son back.
You want the ones responsible.
- You want peace.
- You want to hear his voice.
You want a good night's sleep.
You want them to know how it feels.
I mean, we all live here, right?
And we shut it out somehow.
But I can't anymore.
Can you?
God, grant me the serenity to accept
the things that I cannot change,
the courage to change
the things that I can,
and the wisdom to know the difference.
Wisdom to know the difference.
- Age doesn't make a man, Stephon.
- Well, you treat me like I'm 8 years old.
A real man keeps his word
and he is where he's supposed to be
when he's supposed to be.
That's what I know.
Fine.
I'll call next time if you want.
I do want.
Because I know you don't want me
to go out there looking for you.
- Like that would ever happen.
- Yeah.
Yeah, and wipe your mouth, Jay Z.
Wipe all the cake off your mouth.
Jay Z.
Thank you.
Thanks, ma.
Here I am, reporting for sponsor duty.
Thanks for coming. I mean it.
- Just came to see if you're okay.
- Yeah. No.
I don't know what I am.

Well, it's like a hospital in here.
You need to cheer this place up
with some color, strength.
Like Tina Turner strength.
Although that sister did put up
with some serious bullshit.
- You seen Ike?
- Girl, he's a little, skinny man.
Like Somalia skinny.
I mean, the first time he raised his hand,
she should have just broke him in two.
Used them legs on him.
So, you went to see the police?
Feel better?
I feel...
forgotten.
I don't know what I'm gonna do.
Well, I'll give you a tip.
Stop cleaning.
That goes back to when I was a little girl
and I would hear my folks fighting.
I'd straighten up and clean
as a way of making things better,
feeling in control.
You know what they said? Get a hobby.
Why don't you fix the place up?
Shit, give it a facelift. You know,
I used to be an interior decorator.
I could help you.
I don't know. I'm going back
to work next week part time.
I don't know if I want to be
spending money fixing this place up.
Please. It won't cost nothing
to pull up this nasty-ass carpet
and burn it with the trash.
It was here when I moved in.
I never much liked it, but...
Let's pull it up.
You know, sometimes, they got some
real nice hardwood floor underneath here.
- Right here in the corner.
- I don't know why Justin keeps his bookbag...
See? It's already peeling up

here in the corner.
Oh, my God.
Oh, my God.
You know, maybe he was...
maybe he was scared.
Maybe he was angry.
Maybe he just wanted to protect you.
Why would... why would he do...
do something like that?
What is he supposed to do?
His big brother gets killed, and the guys
who did it, they're still out there.
Well, I can't do anything about that.
But what if you could?
Would you?
Of course I would. Who wouldn't?
You know, with my little girl,
it was just like you.
They told me I couldn't
do anything, to wait.
So I waited.
And nothing happened.
Come on.
What?
Trust me. Justin's asleep
in his bed. He's safe.
Let's go for a ride.
I want to show you something.
It's over there, right?
That's where Stephon was...
And they got another dealer
out there just like that.
He's got to be working for somebody.
Denzel's on the trail
of a kidnapper in this one.
I got my own movie to go to.
- Who are these friends?
- You met them before.
- There's some I haven't met.
- And you're never gonna meet those.
Yeah. They'd call this house day and night
when you were in eighth grade.
Hi. Can I please speak to Stephon?
So, what's up with you and that

neighbor Ben? The plumber man.
All right. All righty.
These friends you're meeting tonight,
is any of them your regular girl?
Nah. They all know
who my regular girl is.
Oh, please. I'm not falling for that one.
That's just so whack.
Whack? You...
- Whack.
- Please don't start using my words.
- All right. Have fun. What time is it?
- Please. I'm 18. Come on.
I don't care if your 18.

11:

- Peace, Just.
- See you, Stephon.
- All right. You, me, and Denzel, baby.
- Yeah. Like always.
Detective said he needs a name.
Let's get one.
- "Let's get one"? Let's go home.
- No.
At the meeting, you started
to say what you wanted.
I just want justice for the ones
who took my son.
So let's get it.
I just can't go over there and ask.
It's a street. It's crowded.
You know what?
Everyone goes home sometime.
That's him.
Hey. The twins ain't here.
I got the food. I'm coming home.
What makes you think
he'll tell us anything?
No. No. What if someone... We can't!
We won't. Not unless we have to.
If I want to eat my french fries
on the way home, I'm gonna.
No. What are you gonna do?
I guess I'll get my Tina on.

Can I talk to you for a minute?
Yo, yo. Don't come up
on nobody like that.
I just got a question.
- I know you?
- No, but you know Ray.
What's it to you if I do?
What you want from me?
A name.
The corner that you work,
there was a drive-by last month.
- Someone's responsible. That name.
- Look. Get the fuck out my face.
I want a name!
Is this a joke?
I want a name! Give me that name
right now or I swear I'm gonna shoot...
What did you do?
What was I supposed to do?
You saw. He came right at me.
He's somebody's child.
He tried to kill us! Come on. Let's go.
Go!
- All we wanted was a name.
- But we did get one, didn't we?
Donelle Peete. I mean,
it's not the right name, but it's a lead.
And his phone.
His phone's gonna have more names.
- We can leave a tip for that detective.
- He'll know my voice.
He didn't know your face.
He won't know your voice.
Look. I know you're
freaked out right now.
But I know you feel lighter.
Stephon.
Wake up.
Wake up.
Don't leave me yet.
You hear me? You don't leave me yet.
You don't leave your mama yet.
Okay?
Now wake up.

You wake up, Stephon.

You hear me?

You hear me?

Breathe.

Wallet's gone, watch isn't.

Rolex.

The shooter left a Rolex?

The dummy also left a pocketful of pills
containing a felonious substance.

Felonious?

I catch you with that big-word dictionary
again, I'm gonna beat you to death with it.

- Where the hell's forensics?

- You know the drill. It's the ghetto.

That means they get here
when they feel like it.

Can't blame them. It's a simple ATM case.

Insert gun, pop, pop, pop, extract cash.

He took a cellphone and left the drugs?

And no shell casings anywhere.

- Got to be a revolver.

- No, I got it.

It's the conductor of the symphony orchestra,
and he hid the casings in his opera cape.

Smartass. Columbo got it done.

- Yeah, Columbo's old as shit.

- No. That's what he wants you to think.

So while you're busy making fun of him,
he's solving the crime.

No, no, no. I get the whole theme of it,
but I'll be the first one to tell you,
the shit don't hold up.

Saw it on TV Land last night. Lots of guys
in plaid jackets and wide-ass ties.

Is that what you do when you're not
on the job? TV Land?

Don't act like you don't know.

You know the married life.

Like a broken record.

Where the hell's forensics?

I'm headed out to school.

I know you're angry

about your brother. And I am, too.

But, Justin, you will not ever put

your hand on a gun. You hear me?

- I hear you. But...

- I want your word.

It's like I told Stephon,
a man keeps his word.

- You got it. But I don't know...

- Just go.

And bring home lots of books in your
backpack because other than school,
you won't be leaving home for awhile.

Got to stay calm.

What about the cash?

I don't want to have anything
to do with it.

Me neither.

Maybe slip it in the donation box
at the meetings.

I guess we shouldn't waste it.

You don't have to worry.

There was nothing in the papers.

- They're not looking for us, Lila.

- But the gun, it's still...

I told you. I'm gonna
take care of everything.

I got it.

Did you see who that call was from?

- It was a text.

- What did it say?

It said, "We said J.J.'s.

Usual time. Saturday. Leo".

Well, that's from whoever he works for.

So, if we go this Saturday at
the same time Donelle was there,
we might find the one
who killed Stephon.

Off.

Shit.

You have a moment, ma'am?

Sorry. Do you have company?

I just haven't picked up.

Come on in.

- Doing some work on the house?

- Yeah. "Get a hobby," they said.

Assholes.

Look. I won't keep you long. I just need to take a look in Stephon's room. Standard procedure.

Oh, come on. It's right in there.

- Right here.

- Okay. Okay.

Like I said, I usually pick up better than this.

It's okay. I was a teenager once. Albeit, a long time ago.

Can I get you something to drink? Coffee?

No, thanks. I'm fine.

Well, I have something on the stove. I'll be right back.

Okay.

Thank you, ma'am.

You know, I saw he liked to play Splinter Cell.

I play that with my nephew sometimes. I just got it for him.

He never had a chance to play it.

All right. Well... we'll be in touch if there are any developments.

What were you looking for? You said it was about the corner and the rent?

Well, there's certain evidence-gathering protocol.

- Like I said, procedure.

- That's it?

You didn't come here to investigate anything for real?

You're just here to check off a box by his name?

No, ma'am. I treat every case they give me the same.

That's why I follow the same protocol. Make sure nothing important gets missed.

Next time, call first.

Don't just show up to a person's house. I like that. "Call first".

You got potential.

Let's get to work.

I always loved

home-design magazines and shows.
That's something
I always wanted to do, but...
I don't need more than one guess.
First, I got pregnant.
Then he wanted to marry me.
And by the time Stephon rolled around,
he didn't even know my name.
Home design didn't even matter
after that. You know what I mean?
Same type of thing happened to me.
Except the first time he told me
he didn't want my baby,
I told him to go fuck himself,
wasn't his anyway,
then I went and had a pizza.

- Hey, Ben.
- You feeling all right?
Justin said this would be a good time
to come for my chairs.
- Hungry? We got plenty.
- Are you sure? I've seen you eat.
- Is it okay?
- Yeah. It's fine. I'll fix you a plate.
All right, then.
Justin, how you doing?
- I've got an art project to work on.
- What? You just gonna leave?
All right.
Boy.
This looks good, if I do say so.
Well, I didn't make it.
This is one of your dishes.
My mother taught me this.
Since it's just me, I don't usually
want to make a whole pot.
Well, it's very nice of you.
I haven't felt much like cooking, so...
Well...
it looks like you've been pretty busy
working hard on this house.
- Just let me know if you need a hand.
- I can manage just fine.
I didn't mean anything, Lila.

I'm sorry. My nerves
are just shot. I just...
I'm gonna go back to group tomorrow.
I don't know what else to do.
I don't know why things are like they are,
why people do what they do.
All I know is, is you'll find your way.
Till then, remember to eat.
I'm gonna cut this...
and give you a piece of this to eat.
There.
You got to eat.
See? Feel better?
Guess we finally had that dinner
I've been nagging you about.
I kept asking 'cause...
- maybe I shouldn't say.
- No, no. No, go ahead.
I kept asking 'cause Stephon told me to.
He said your thing with Denzel,
it wasn't gonna last.
Thanks for that.
Yeah.
And for helping with Justin,
for everything, 'cause...
I work out in the yard a lot.
They're kind of rough.
No, they're not.
Okay. Well, you take care.
Okay.
See you soon.
Hey, Lila. Can I ask you something?
Now, did you find a sponsor?
Patrice said she was interested.
But I have someone. Eve.
That's okay. Look. Hey, Patrice?
- Lila just wanted to let you know...
- Hey, I'm sorry. I can't talk right now.
I got to get home and get
to making my lemon squares.
- What's your hurry, Patrice?
- Charles is coming home.
He was coming home earlier,
but you know how boys are.

Out there with his friends. So, I got
to get home, and I got to get ready.
- Well, did you stop taking your medicine?
- Yeah. I didn't need it anymore.
I found the answer.
I found it right here in the bible.
Who raised up his only son
in three days?
That's what got me.
'Cause if he could raise up his son,
he could raise up mine.
So, that's when I started to pray.
And I knew my prayer would be answered.
Three days, three years.
I got to let the others know.
- Charles is coming home.
- Charles was...
at a barbecue, and he was trying
to break up a fight, and he got killed
three years ago today. Birthdays,
anniversaries, they're the worst.
Patrice, do you think
you can stay for the meeting?
This has happened to her before?
Not just her. No, we all have
our bad times. So...
we look in on each other, we...
we stay over if we have to.
So I'm gonna make sure
that she gets home tonight.
And tomorrow, I will take her...
If I lost it...
would I even know it?
Am I gonna end up just like her?
If you stay inside
and you keep it all in
like her, it festers.
You got to do something
about your feelings.
I try to sleep, but...
My mind keeps going back
to that corner every time.
You been thinking about this?
I never stop thinking about it...

About that damn diner
and who he was gonna see there.
I want to see him,
see if he's the one that took my son.
It's Saturday.
In two hours,
it's the usual time.
I think you have to go.
It wouldn't just be for me.
I need it just as much as you do.
Then maybe we can help each other.
I guess this is a stakeout.
What do cops do during stakeouts?
Sleep.
In the movies, they talk
about their families.
Is that my cue?
My boyfriend's name is Mello.
He comes from the land of JELL-O.
With pickles for his toes
and a cherry for his nose
And that's the way my story goes
My boyfriend's name is Billy
He come from good, old Philly
With a cherry on his nose
And 10 big, fat toes,
And that's the way my story goes
I gave him back his peaches
I gave him back his pears
I gave him back his 50 cents
And kicked him down the stairs
- So, your mom taught you that, too?
- Yeah.
Your little girl used to do that?
Yeah.
I never told anyone,
but I always wanted a little girl.
There they are.
Think they killed anybody?
- I think they killed Stephon.
- We don't know that.
You know how I feel.
We just talk to them.
- Now, last time...

- Last time, you messed up.
That's what I was gonna say, okay?
Last time, I messed up.
So, this time, it's all you.
If you want to go, we'll go. If you want
to talk to them, we'll talk to them.
If we get a name for that cop,
I'll leave the tip. But it's all you.
I'm going home.
You think they're going home?
Yeah! Hey, bro.
I'm whupping the shit out
this motherfucking game, dawg.
Ain't nobody fucking with me. I'm about
to get the last cherry and shit.
Hey, I know he been talking to you, boy.
Shit. I'm the greatest, cuz.
Got to level 180 on candy crush.
Beat that shit.
I only see one of them.
Maybe the other one's in the car.
Better call Saul, bitch.
Get the fuck over there.
Hey, bro, I told you
we was being followed.
Look at this shit.
All right, bro. What you want,
a scooby snack or some shit, man?
I'm just saying. You always trying to act
like I'm not paying attention and shit.
Call it correct.
We saw you at the diner.
Saw you following us and shit.
You have fun?
What the fuck do you want, man?
I want to know who did the drive-by
on one of your corners.
Oh, you do?
Is that all? I mean, that's why
you came all the way down here for?
Nah. Nah, you see?
There's something you ain't telling me.
You know something
about who shot Donelle, bitch?

Who's Donelle to you?

- Answer the motherfucking question.

- You first.

- Yo, yo.

- What the fuck is wrong with you, bro?

Sorry.

The Greek party was so sick, son.

I had to make another run.

Who we got here?

We got a fucking procedure, Bradley.

I told you don't be rolling up
all quick like that.

Chill, man. Why you always sweating me?

All the business I bring you.

Dude, I bring you

all the campus green, son.

You keep plenty for yourself.

Oh, shit! No, no, no, no!

Give it to me. Let's go.

No! No! Let's ask. Let's ask.

You got it. But hurry.

Tell us what we want to know,
and your brother gets a doctor.

- Fuck you. Get him one right now.

- Donelle's corner. The drive-by. That name.

- Was it you, or was it him?

- Don't say, shit, man.

Better say something or you're
gonna hear his last breath.

- It's a sound you never stop hearing.

- Fuck! All right! It was Alonzo T.

He runs the south side
for Handro and them.

Teo!

Fucking bitch.

Come on. We got to go if we're
gonna make it. Let's go!

You know, maybe you found the serenity
to accept the things you cannot change,
and maybe you gained the courage
to change the things you can.

But finding the wisdom
to know the difference
is the real challenge because the grief

of your loss can be so debilitating,
it can cloud your judgment.
That goes for the Olsen twins.
Ashley here has no wallet, no cash,
no cellphone. Unlike Mary-Kate, here.
And what should we call the one
down here? Humpty Dumpty? Opie?
I'm gonna ask for overtime. If they're
gonna task us and keep sending us out,
- I mean, that's unfair.
- They didn't send us.
I heard it was a revolver.
Something about it.
- I called in and asked for it.
- I knew it. I knew it.
What are you doing?
You volunteering us now?
That's not procedure. Since when
have you stopped following procedure?
Revolver again, no cellphone again.
- Kid have any drugs on him?
- Yeah.
Enough to make it the best fucking
prom ever. So what?
Ballistics comes back, it's gonna be
the same shooter as Donelle.
- We're gonna be ready.
- They won't give a shit upstairs.
Our task force is not gonna get
another task for these motherfuckers.
A series of related shootings.
They're gonna give a shit.
Yeah. Of course they will.
Somebody just killed Opie.
- Justin?
- Yeah?
- Justin?
- I'm in the bedroom.
What do you...
what do you think you're doing?
- I cleared out his stuff.
- Where... where is everything?
- In the attic.
- Who said you could do this?

- This is my room. And I can't...
- No. No. This is my house.
All right? So you bring it all
back now. Now!
No! I can't look at his stuff
every day! I'm sick of it!
He is not coming back, mom! He's...
Lila, I'll send him home if you want.
But he wants to stay on my couch.
All right... tell him...
Tell him all right, and...
tell him I'm sorry.
Here I am, hurting over memories,
and he's having to look at it every night.
Look... don't blame yourself too much.
It was like he was trying to put
his brother away for good.
No. No. He kept Stephon's watch
as a reminder.
You ever keep anything?
Of course.
I kept some clothes,
some pictures.
- And on my phone, I...
- I know what you're gonna say.
I know what you're gonna say
'cause I do the same thing.
I even paid the bill so I could.
Yo, it's Stephon. You know what to do.
Hear how he's trying to be cool?
Yo, it's Stephon. You know what to do.
It sounds to me like
he's trying to tell us something.
- We already have a name.
- Exactly.
And I know to find him.
Look what they did!
You don't think I know who you are?
You think you can just show up
like no one would know?
We said no reporters.
I'm not a reporter.
Then who are you?
I'm from a grief support group

for mothers.

And...

I just wanted to leave
a card, just in case.

Thank you.

The family wanted to send along
a thank-you card,
and he didn't leave an address
so we decided to call the florist.

Alonzo, yes. Business address is fine.

Promiseland Atlanta?

What's that?

Oh, a night club.

Okay.

We're going to a night club.

It's been so long.

I almost forgot how to do this.

You're stepping out.

Might as well step out in style.

What do you think?

You look good!

- Almost as good as me.

- Almost is good enough

'cause I don't want to look
like no hoochie.

Really? It's like that?

- Your hair looks good.

- You like it? Really?

Chopped it myself.

Used to be down to my ass, but...

After my girl passed, I just took
a scissor to it. Now I kind of like it.

Looks good.

- All right. Let's take a picture.

- Okay.

All right. Ready?

- That's a good one. Do another one.

- Okay, okay.

- Different pose.

- Hold on. Okay.

How do we know if Alonzo's even here?

We don't. You got Teo's phone?

Alonzo isn't on here.

But there's a Zo.

Yo. Who's calling me on Teo's phone?

Hello?

That song.

You're in my club.

The fuck?

- Looks like they're leaving.

- No. No, not tonight. Look at her.

Lila, don't worry. I got this covered.

Trust me.

Excuse me. Excuse me. Excuse me.

- God. How far along are you?

- Oh, six months.

Six months? You know what I remember about being six months pregnant?

I wanted it all the time.

My hormones are jumping.

- Nope. Don't Bend. Do not Bend.

- We got you covered.

- Did you ever go out to dinner...

- I know what you're gonna say.

Before I even opened the menu,

I would be dragging him back home.

- Where do you think I'm going now?

- I know what you're gonna say.

You look great.

I know. I know you got responsibilities, but you can take a night off.

Where am I? I'm at your place.

- That is such a typical answer.

- It's such a typical question.

Have you thought about a name for the baby yet?

No. 'Cause when the time come, you gonna look up at me, and I'm gonna just go with whatever name you say.

What about you?

Of course I have.

Y'all be obsessing over that shit.

Ain't like... ain't like it matter what I think no way.

I want to name the baby Worthington.

You hear me? Baby, come on, now.

Stop ignoring me.

Baby, come on, now. That was funny.

Ba...

Hey, what's this all about?

Just another drive-by,
just another two people dead.

- One named Ray.

- And one named Stephon.

Stephon was my son, and...

I want the one responsible.

It was you, Leo said.

Leo?

Teo and Donelle? That was you?

I'm the one asking the questions.

I want to know.

Fuck what you want to know, bitch.

You come up in here a... fuck you.

- Did you kill my son? Tell me.

- I ain't telling you shit.

- Tell me what I want to know.

- Maybe I got something I can tell you.

Maybe I can make it over there

and snap your fucking neck

- before you pull the trigger.

- Maybe I'll ask Maya.

Remember Maya? Yeah.

Didn't even cross your selfish-ass mind?

Where is she?

- She's in the closet. She's fine.

- She's carrying my baby.

You killed my baby.

You think I fucking care about yours?

- Oh, you not getting out of here alive.

- You think I care about getting out alive?

All right.

You want to hear?

I'll tell you.

Ray was working one of my corners

without doing what was right.

So, told Teo and Leo to go

tell him what was what,

but they ain't never get around to it.

Then Donelle sends me word that...

Ray's out there dissing me.

I was in the neighborhood.

I decided I'd take care of it myself.

I warned the motherfucker.
Everything's gonna be all good.
You know?
Tell her to chill.
Stephon's gonna be there.
But you start letting shit go,
pretty soon it will all be gone.
I wasn't exactly looking for your son,
but he was there.
He's right there.
So you ask me who's responsible
for that shit on the corner...
- It's you.
- What are you...
- You motherf...
- You let him run the streets.
- He shouldn't have been there.
- Shoot him.
He got in the way. That shit's
gonna happen when you somewhere
- you ain't supposed to be.
- Finish him right now.
So, it's you, it's me, it's... it's my man
Handro in Mayfield. It's the world.
Same shit's gonna happen tomorrow.
World's gonna keep on turning.
Do you think you can stop it?
Man, who are you?
I'm just a mother.
Are you okay? Come on.
Let's go. No! Let's go.
It's terrible. That poor girl.
Poor girl?
She knew how he got his money.
And she knew what he did to get it,
and she fucked him anyway.
- Fucked him because of it, probably.
- She didn't deserve to get shot.
We didn't shoot her!
And that shit's gonna happen
if you're where you shouldn't be.
Isn't that what Zo said?
Fucking asshole.
- You wanted justice, you got it.

- I don't feel better.
That's because it's not over.
Alonzo said his man in Mayfield
was the one who ordered that hit.
- I don't care about the man in Mayfield.
- Well, you have to.
Because it's all connected.
- You don't see that?
- No. No, I don't see.
I'm sorry, Eve, but I'm done.
This wasn't just about you, remember?
We were supposed to be helping
each other here.
What? So, what? Now we just go back
to our lives like nothing ever happened?
After all we've been through
and all that we've done,
you really think that we can go back?
I went into the closet to change.
Someone grabbed me from behind.
And I heard a voice real low
said I'd be dead if I made one sound.
- Can you give us any description?
- I didn't see. I didn't want to see.
All I can say...
- is that she sounded real mad.
- She? Did you say she?
Only a few crews got women running
with them. Someone's moving in.
I'm telling you. All we got to do now
is start running names, records.
What are you talking...
this isn't a turf war.
"She sounded real mad".
That ain't turf. It's personal.
You always say, "Work the evidence".
So where you getting that?
Call it a working theory.
- What's this all about?
- We're having a little outing.
Well, this is a really good idea.
Well, I am so glad
that you're enjoying it.
Yeah. And I know someone else

who would, too.

Excuse me.

All right, I know

you're still mad at me...

But some of us from the group
are out to dinner.

- And going to a movie, too.

- Dinner and a movie.

I know it's not your thing,
but I thought I'd just let you know.

So, holla back.

"Holla back?"

- Well, I know y'all still say that.

- No. No.

Lila, was that your friend Eve?

- Any luck with getting her to come back?

- I tried, but you know how she is.

I've heard you mention her,
but I must have missed meeting her.

- Is she that new woman from Decatur?

- No. She lives in Midtown.

Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen.

I know we're here to celebrate
getting this lovely lady out of the house.

But I also want to make a toast
to her son, Mr. Justin,
the award-winning artiste.

Award? Wait a minute.

Award-winning? What award?

Nothing. It's just a school thing.

- My art project won a contest.

- Why didn't you tell her?

I couldn't. I mean,
I couldn't find the time to.

What do you mean, you couldn't find
the time to? You could just say it.

- How hard is that?

- Real hard lately. I never see you.

You're either working
on the house or with them.

So, when you get home...

I'd like to see it, please.

Show your mama.

I wasn't sure how you'd feel.

Do you like it?
I love it.
I love you.
- I love you, too, mom.
- I love you so much.
Hey.
The mailman left me some of yours.
I had nothing to...
Got the forensics. No prints.
Zo's phone was gone. I got the records.
Guess who his last call ever was from?
Teo Corlone.
Teo's got a pretty good alibi,
what with being dead and all.
So, the shooter has Zo's phone,
Teo, and Donelle...
- What are you doing? Don't touch my shit.
- Yeah, you better put on your jacket.
You finally got a case big enough
to get you face time upstairs?
Pretty-boy college kid
getting killed got his attention.
What's the latest
with the Bradley Tipton case?
Well, we do know it's the
same gun for all the shootings.
Phone records link them all.
Alonzo to Leo, Alonzo to Teo,
- Leo and Teo to Donelle, Donelle...
- All the varied permutations.
He's been waiting to use that \$10 word.
Like I was saying, they all worked
together, now they're all dead.
The Alejandro organization supplies
the neighborhood, but...
but these guys, they're local.
It all points to a turf war.
What? No. The physical evidence doesn't,
the crime scenes sure don't.
I don't know what else it could be.
And I got the D.A. calling me.
I got the press up my ass. What would you
have me tell them, Holliston?
You can tell them no comment.

It's still under investigation.
That your heart goes out
to the families.
Turf war's our working theory.
Help me out, Scaketti.
I got it narrowed down to two crews...
Quincy Corners and 16th street.
They're the ones who've had
women running with them.
Okay. That's good. Keep me informed.
Inform me on how your theories
fit the details.
Say, with the wild shooting.
And with taking the phone and leaving
the drugs and leaving a fucking witness.
- You got a better fucking theory?
- Yeah.
Somebody's trying to climb up the ladder,
but not for reasons you think.
Let's try climbing back down.
It's Alonzo's neighborhood, right?
He gives a franchise to Leo and Teo.
Bradley, not-so-innocent bystander.
Leo and Teo bring on Donelle,
who replaces Ray.
And Stephon, wrong place
at the wrong time.
And it's a woman.
So, what woman?
Jesus Christ.
- Oh, shit.
- Holliston, yo.
You heard what the chief said just now.
Turf war's our working theory.
Go home, man.
So, don't forget that we have
that fundraiser for tomorrow.
And if I can get a couple volunteers
to maybe make some lemon squares
- or some muffins...
- Muffins.
Thank you. It'd be great.
Thank you, guys. Hi, Lila.
And... I think I see a new face.

- Was it Nita?
- Welcome, Nita.
You're welcome to share if you'd like.
I lost...
my two sons, Leo and Teo.
They would tease each other,
but you could see the love.
They would come and see me every Sunday.
I'm just a cashier,
but they bought me a house.
But they loved working with their hands.
They were in construction.
They were dealers, the news said.
We're here to support each other.
Oh, we've suffered
too much to... to lie.
You don't think I've suffered?
Yeah.
Yeah, you've suffered. I...
You deserve our love and comfort.
If you need any help, I'll be glad to...
I know we... we have rules and all.
And I want to do the right thing, but...
if you knew what your boys were into,
if you took one dime from them, knowing,
and you didn't do everything
you could to stop them...
Patrice.
She may deserve comfort and support.
She doesn't deserve it from us.
- I'm sorry, but I agree with Patrice.
- No.
She's a mother, too.
She's in pain just like us.
I'm not sure we should judge.
We shouldn't.
Ms. Walcott...
You got a few minutes?
Talk about the case?
- There's a place nearby... J.J.'s?
- Sure. I'll meet you there.
Miguel Alejandro's crew
runs the whole south side.
In your area, he had a guy

named Alonzo Troys running things.
Alonzo leads to Leo and Teo.
They lead to Donelle.
They all worked together,
and they're all dead.
Bradley, the white frat boy,
he's just big into dealing on campus.
We think it was a wrong place,
wrong time situation.
That's been known to happen.
Anyway, Donelle takes over for Ray.
So it all leads back to the corner
where Stephon was killed.
Now, there's something I got to ask.
Did Stephon know these guys?
Who the hell you think you are,
asking me that?
Bringing me here to ask me that?
That white cheerleader you got
posted up on your board and Bradley...
you ask their mothers that?
Or just ones like me?
He never knew them, never met them,
never had one thing to do with them
till the day they murdered him.
I'm just trying to make sense of it.
You have no idea what it's like
to lose a child. No idea.
I'm afraid I do.
I'm sorry about that.
Well, if you have nothing else
to tell me, I'm gonna go home.
But, you know, there is one other thing.
Alonzo's girl, Maya,
she... identified the shooter
as a woman.
Said she sounded real mad.
No one's gonna believe that.
So, what's gonna happen to the case now?
If it stops now, nothing, probably.
If it happens again,
I'm gonna find the one responsible.
I'm gonna have to.
Leave more than that.

What? It's 15%.

We took up a booth. You ever think about what women go through?

Yeah. Quite a bit lately.

- You're under arrest.

- That's not funny. Put it away!

It's kind of funny.

I wanted to see how you'd feel if I didn't show.

You were so scared.

Hell, yeah, I was scared.

That detective knows.

That man don't know shit.

What you need to be worried about is our man in Mayfield, Alonzo's boss.

- It's time for me and Justin to move away.

- Oh, Jesus. You with the running.

I need to think about Justin, and the girls in the support group will understand.

The girls in the group don't give a fuck about you.

I do.

You want to run away?

Fine.

But we got to finish what we started or they're gonna finish us.

- Hey, you.

- Hey, you.

You know, I think that once we finish the renovation, that...

we're gonna move.

- Really?

- Yeah.

- I think it's something we've got to do.

- I understand.

What about Ben?

That's a good question.

- I like him.

- I like him, too.

Stay down!

Justin?

Somebody call an ambulance!

Are you all right?

Oh, Justin. Justin.

Oh, Justin.

Justin.

- Justin.

- Here, ma'am. Back here.

Justin.

Hey, Mom.

Ms. Walcott? About your son.

He's got a broken kneecap,
but he's gonna be just fine.

Okay. Okay.

- What's up, big man?

- Hey.

- What'd I tell you about driving?

- Thanks for coming.

Come on, now. No need for that.

Let me get you and Justin home.

You both can stay with me
until you can get things straight.

Justin, you good?

- Yeah.

- All right.

We gonna get you out of here,
get you home.

One child dead, and...

and then he threatens the other child.

I mean, everyone's children,
really. Really.

I am not going back to feeling helpless.

You know how you told me

you always like to...

clean house whenever

something bad happens?

- Your way of making it better, right?

- Yeah. Being in control. Yeah.

Well, let's finish the house...

in a way that will finish off Alejandro.

Okay. Where do we begin?

Hey, it's me.

The trap is set. Cheese is in place.

All we need is the rat.

Pick me up tonight.

You got Patrice's ride?

I got the address...

maps...

- everything.
- Where'd you get this?
- You know where I got it.
- You were in my office?
Duh. It's the office of public records.
- Did someone help you?
- No, I did it myself. It was easy.
I mean, the computer did
most of the work, but...
Come on. We got to go.
2121 Dogwood.
I want you to look down at Alejandro's
house and tell me what you see.
A party.
Alejandro's out there,
and we're over here, and...
he doesn't even think
about what he does to us.
And that's what I mean. It's not you.
It's the world that's lost its mind.
Who the fuck calls me on Zo's cell?
- Who is this?
- Your friends already told you.
I met a few of them the other day
when I was taking my son to school.
What do you expect?
You fuck with my people.
And now you come here,
and you fuck with my family?
I'm gonna fucking kill you myself...
and your family.
You watch.
It's gonna go down tomorrow.
Wait, what are you gonna do
with the gun and the phone?
I'll take care of everything.
How are you, Mr. Homemaker?
I'm good, now that you're back.
Patrice called.
The girls want to come
to see you and Justin.
Maybe in a few days, just so we can
get our act together, you know?
Okay.

So, are we gonna meet
Miss Eve this time?
We've met everyone but your sponsor.
What's up with that?
Oh, what's up with that? You know what?
Let me introduce you to her
'cause everyone wants to meet Miss Eve.
Everybody wants to meet Miss Eve.
- Here she goes.
- All right.
Girl, you looking good.
That's weird.
No worries, I'll just meet her when
she comes up to visit with the other girls.
Are you coming to bed?
Almost as good as me.
Almost is good enough 'cause
I don't want to look like no hoochie.
It's like that?
No, take one more.
I like that one, though.
Hoochie?
You want the ones responsible.
Lila, was that your friend Eve?
I heard you mention it, but...
I must have missed meeting her.
Is she that new woman from Decatur?
No, she lives in midtown.
When that child is murdered,
we feel guilt, depression.
We lose our homes, our minds.
- Charles is coming home.
- This has happened to her before?
We all have our hard times.
- If I lost it, would I even know it?
- Get some paint.
- Answer the motherfucking question.
- You first.
If she's not real, then...
I'll take care of everything.
The leather bag will be with me.
It will be with me, it will be...
it will be in the car.
Maybe he just wanted to protect you.

This got to stop.

No more.

- No more.

- No more what?

- You asked for help, and you got it.

- Not anymore.

What do you want? More advice?

Here's some advice. You sent some
fucking assholes to the grave early.

- Don't sweat it.

- Shut up!

What, you gonna cry?

Over them?

They made their choice, and they knew
their day was gonna come.

And when it comes, are they sorry? No.

They're still reaching for a gun,
trying to aim it at us.

Stephan is dead.

He's dead.

Killing is not gonna
bring him back, and...

and what we did...

it was wrong.

You think it's over for Alejandro?

He's coming.

- He's coming.

- I'll be...

- And he's not gonna stop coming.

- He's not gonna stop coming.

- Until he finds you at Ben's.

- At Ben's.

- And he said he's gonna kill Justin.

- Justin...

- I have to...

- Finish the job.

Finish the job. When...

- move on.

- Yes, so we can move on.

- Together.

- Together.

No.

I'm done after this.

I'm done after this.

It's not up to you.
The gun in Justin's bag.
Little girl...
who do you think did all that?
Go say your goodbyes.
Jefe?
You hungry?
Nobody's home.
I talked to Patrice about
another dinner and movie night.
I have Patrice's car.
So, where do I drive
and pick up the rest of them?
- Yeah, yeah.
- Like I said...
anything you need, let me know.
Ben?
Could you look after Justin for me,
if you don't mind,
while I just... go over to the house,
finish some stuff?
Sure. Hope you can
tear yourself away tonight.
Yeah, I can.
Damn. That bitch
is right across the street.
Here she comes.
If you don't do it, I will.
I'm sorry, sorry... Sorry. Sorry.
You can't stop it.
- Yo, what the fuck is that?
- What the hell?
Get out, man! Get the fuck out of here!
- Can't stop it now.
- But I can stop you.
Yo, get out!
Lila!
I got you.
It's gonna be okay. Don't worry.
Adhesive on the trim.
All flammable. Not exactly safe.
Especially around a gas stove.
And right after
Alejandro's house gets shot up,

he just happens to end up at her house?
Come on. Give me a fucking break.
Somebody's mother.
And you got her pulling "Dirty Harry."
Exploding stove, rigged house.
She gets out of the hospital tomorrow.
We bring her in, lean on her.
Then we take it upstairs.
You my partner for a long time.
But you bring this upstairs,
you bring it alone.
Detective Scaketti
to Captain Parker's office.
It's good work, though, man.
It's real good work.
So, before we eat this wonderful cake
that Patrice made,
look at all these donations for Lila.
Y'all shouldn't have done all that.
We thought you could use a little
cheering up, along with clothes and...
- well, everything you might need.
- Thank you.
I think I see a new face.
I didn't mean to interrupt.
So, why don't we take our break?
I saw some of these things.
When I was in your son's room that time.
Yeah.
Justin won an art contest,
and so the women wanted to see it.
So I brought it here today
for the party.
- Lucky it didn't get lost in the fire.
- No, I got it...
I'm gonna need you to come in.
I already answered all the questions.
We need you to clear up a few things.
I think you know what I'm talking about.
That fire, those shootings.
People got killed, and...
I'm sorry,
that's what it's come down to.
Nothing else. You sure?

That's what it has to come down to.

Who are you trying to convince?

If you don't come with me now,
it's gonna be Ben coming with me
and then Justin. It's up to you.

Now, you know they didn't
have nothing to do with this.

I'll go.

I'm willing to take whatever happens.

- What is this about?

- It's okay, Mae. I have to go with him.

If it's about the fire and all those
shootings that have been all over the news,
if that's what you want to talk to her about,
then there's something you need to know.

- Patrice, let me go with him, okay?

- Lila lives near me.

And she was having a real hard time.

Not that you'd understand that or care,
but I looked in on her from time to time.

Some of the nights you talking about,
I know I was with her.

- I spent time with her, too.

- So did I. We all did.

- Sydney and Tia and I were there.

- No!

- We went to dinner last week.

- No!

- You gave Sydney the ride.

- I don't want you all doing this.

- Lila, stop.

- I'm not gonna let you guys do this.

Lila, we have to do this.

A roomful of grieving mothers.

Hell of an alibi.

I'm gonna miss you.

Come on, let's get in.

- Take care of that leg, okay?

- All right.

- We'll see you soon, Ben?

- Okay, let me know where you end up.

- All right? All right.

- Okay.

Glad you're already thinking

about a visit.

I've been thinking

about a lot of things.

I'll be thinking about them, too.

For a real long time.

And about you even longer.

I feel the same way, too. But, I mean...

- you're leaving. I mean, I... we just...

- I don't have any words of wisdom.

I wish I did.

All I know is that you'll find your way.

And I hope to, too.

I'll keep an eye out for your mail.

Are you all right?

No, baby.

But I'm gonna be. I have you.

My boyfriend's name is Billy,

he comes from little Philly

With a cherry on his nose

and 10 big, fat toes

And that's the way my story goes